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Cecil Beaton

The Duke and Duchess of Kent at Home with their Children

The Duke and Duchess of Kent take a day off from their many engagements to be with their children, Prince Edward and Princess Alexandra. This picture was taken at Coppins, their beautiful Buckinghamshire home, where the flowers are in full bloom. The Duke of Kent, who is an Air Vice-Marshal in the R.A.F., has recently been in the north inspecting coal mines and bombed areas, where he was received with great enthusiasm everywhere. The Duchess is Commandant of the W.R.N.S., and spends a good deal of her time visiting the various units



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

Secret Information Appointment

THE Prime Minister is planning further changes in his Government. They may be of far-reaching consequence inasmuch as they affect a lot of people in as well as away from Whitehall. There is certainly going to be a new Minister of Information. But the name of Mr. Duff Cooper's successor is being kept as a big secret. A few people know and they are not talking; just giving an occasional wink and a nod. This is part of the political game that some people like most. I can tell you that the new Minister of Information has had no previous ministerial experience. He has not spoken in the House of Commons since the war started; but his voice has been heard applauding the Prime Minister with whom he has been on terms of close friendship for many years.

The appointment may prove that Mr. Churchill has not been so deaf to complaints about our propaganda as some people imagine. The only other explanation possible is that the Prime Minister hopes to silence everybody by putting in the ministerial chair a man who will take orders and not give them. Although there are far too many yes-men in Whitehall already, the critics would be well satisfied even with this, for it would mean that the Prime Minister was at last treating the problem of propaganda with the respect and attention it deserves.

What is going to happen to Mr. Duff Cooper? Nobody knows. If he does not get another ministerial post—which he may not do—there is always the possibility that he might be sent abroad by the Prime Minister.

Changes in Washington

LORD CRANBORNE is being discussed as Ambassador in Washington in succession to Viscount Halifax. The gossipers say that Lord Halifax may even be switched from Washington to India for a second term as Viceroy. This would, indeed, be a queer twist of fate, for the Prime Minister was one of the bitterest critics of Lord Halifax's previous Viceroyalty. Remember the India debates! Lord Halifax has done, and is doing, a good job in Washington, in difficult circumstances. Naturally he has had his critics, mostly American. But Lord Halifax is a type of Englishman not easy for all to understand. He can be so impersonal that he appears aloof, whereas he is just being perfectly natural and rather shy. Washington is no easy post. The work is so heavy that the strain told on the late Lord Lothian.

Bobbity Cranborne is a favourite with the Prime Minister, who has always had a high opinion of his ability. He is doing good work at the Dominions Office at the moment; it is his first senior post, although he served for several years at the Foreign Office under Mr. Anthony Eden and gained invaluable experience. If Lord Cranborne goes to Washington the Americans will have a typical hard-working, high-principled and far-sighted Cecil in their midst.

Thieves Fall Out

HITLER's reported quarrel with Goering seems to be well authenticated. Various reasons are advanced, the most acceptable

being that since 1939 Hitler has feared the popularity of his rotund and loyal friend. On the eve of the German attack on Poland, it will be recalled, a Council of State was formed nominating Goering as Hitler's successor.

Goering had his doubts about the wisdom of going to war and, with Schacht, urged the advisability of non-belligerent warfare to achieve Germany's aims.

Where part of Britain was fooled by Goering was in thinking that he would lead a counter-party against Hitler. That is not his line. He had always been perfectly frank to his British "friends." He was loyal to Adolf and, if Germany went to war, he would prosecute it with all the strength at his command. It was no fault of Hermann Goering that an important part of the German people liked him better than Hitler, but the fact was well known to the Fuehrer and to his chief spy, Himmler.

While Goering was so popular little could be done to curb his power. But the cards have run against him. He had boasted that the Luftwaffe was unbeatable; that no enemy bombs could ever fall on German towns. The attack on Britain, personally led by Goering, broke down, while the German docks, factories, railways and cities lying in ruins have revealed the emptiness of his boast. So, it appears, Hitler is seizing his chance to retire, if not to liquidate, another dangerous rival.



July the Fourteenth in London

Official celebrations of *Le Quatorze Juillet* in London included the placing of a wreath at the foot of the statue of Marshal Foch by Admiral Muselier, Chief of the Free French Navy, and also General de Gaulle's representative at the celebrations. Many of the wreaths here and at the Cenotaph took the form of the V which has come to be the supreme expression of the hope and courage of all the oppressed peoples of Europe.

Turn of the Tide

ALTHOUGH the professional soldiers have been reluctant to record satisfaction with the course of the war in Russia, it is hard to escape the conclusion that the tide which has run so hard against us for nearly two years is now setting back in our favour. Russia undoubtedly is suffering grievous losses of men and material and may even lose important cities. But the Red Army and Air Force are taking heavy toll of the enemy whose forces have now been so disorganised that it would require many months to reform them for operations in another theatre.

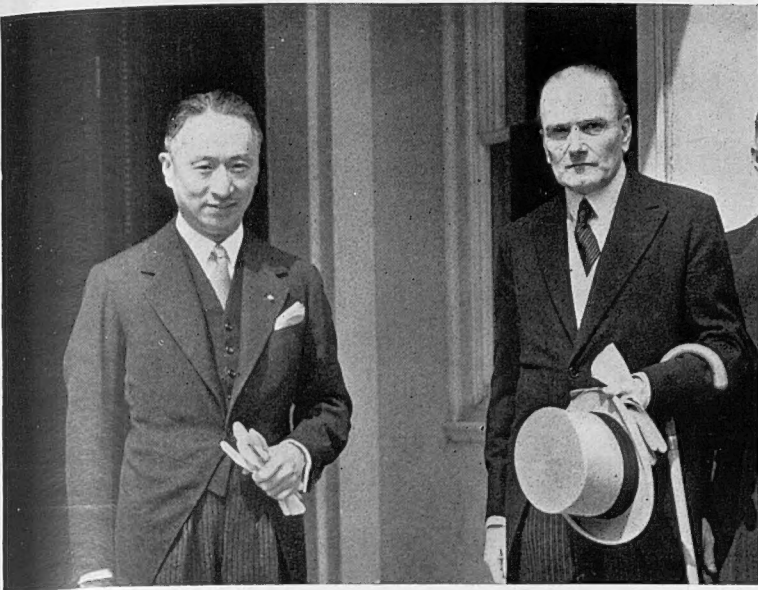
Leaving out of account for the moment all the political implications, we can afford to be well content with the heroic efforts of our latest ally. This Red Russian Army is certainly a finer machine than anybody, including Hitler, was willing to believe. Much of its strength lies in the fact, to which I drew attention in these notes some weeks ago, that Stalin since he came to supreme power has been building up a national Russia, as distinct from the world revolutionary doctrines of his Communist predecessors.

Tribute to that fact is being paid by the organisations of White Russians in many lands. Indeed, it is a striking phenomenon of the latest development of Hitler's war that these bitter opponents of the Communist revolution today are rallying to the support of the Kremlin regime. The White Russian organisation in the United Kingdom has expressed its feelings thus in a declaration issued the other day. "Hitler is attacking Russia not because she is a Communist state but because she is undoubtedly becoming a national state, gradually learning the lessons of democratic countries, repenting her own mistakes and bearing at the same time in mind her national and glorious past. The duty of Russian patriots scattered all over the world and belonging to the most varied



Army Commanders in the Middle East

Since this photograph of General Sir Archibald Wavell and Lieutenant-General Laverack, Commander of the Australian Corps, was taken at Kafer Giladi, General Wavell has gone to India, and General Laverack, who led the Allied Forces in Syria under General Sir Henry Maitland Wilson, has brought his part in that campaign to a successful conclusion. It was General Laverack who, on June 30, sent the first message to General Dentz, suggesting that armistice negotiations should be begun.



Dr. Wellington Koo Outside His Embassy

Dr. Wellington Koo, here with Sir John Monck, Vice-Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, was on his way to present his credentials to the King as Chinese Ambassador to London. He was Chinese Minister in London in the twenties, and Minister and Ambassador to France for eight years



Air Marshal Sir William Sholto Douglas at the Palace

Air Marshal Sholto Douglas, A.O.C.-in-C., Fighter Command since last November, was awarded a K.C.B. in the Birthday Honours, and received his knighthood from the King at a recent Investiture. Lady Sholto Douglas went to the Palace with her husband. She was Miss Joan Denny before her marriage in 1933

political creeds is therefore clear. They must concentrate all their efforts on the struggle with the enemies of their fatherland."

What Germany Could Gain

DEFEAT of the German effort to conquer Russia is vital to us. While it is true that at the present time Russia has no large exportable surplus of wheat and oil that statement is based on the present consumption of the population and their industries. The standard has risen considerably in recent years. For example, in 1932 the production of grain was just under seventy million tons, while in 1939-40 it had risen to over 100 million tons. Germany would not hesitate to reduce the Russian living standard back to the starvation level of some years ago and could profit herself by the large surpluses which would thereby be created.

The Russian war industries, which are now said to be much more efficient than was believed—they have been turning out excellent tanks and some good planes—would also be available to the common enemy; and many of those factories are situated far beyond the convenient operational range of our bombers. Thus the collapse of Russia would be a very serious blow to the Allies, both on the short and the long range view.

Linguist and Realist

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT had a big hand in bringing the Russians and the Poles together for the restoration of normal diplomatic relations. He put gentle pressure on M. Ouman-sky, the Soviet Ambassador in Washington, when he appealed for American aid. At the same time, Mr. Anthony Eden was using his influence with M. Maisky, the Soviet Ambassador in London. But it was General Sikorski, the Polish Prime Minister, who proved himself the realist.

In his talks with M. Maisky, General Sikorski allowed no bitterness to obstruct the necessities of a speedy agreement for a tripartite alliance to resist Hitler. Like a number of Poles—not all of them—the General admits that Stalin was acting with considerable strategic foresight, which has served him well, when he seized the opportunity to occupy half Poland at the same time as Hitler attacked that country in September, 1939. For historical purposes it is worth recording now that when the Russians went into Poland the

soldiers openly asserted that they had been told they would be marching on to Berlin!

By negotiating an agreement, the Poles and the Russians have certainly gone a long way to prevent statesmen having one big headache after the war ends. What would have happened if Russia had not come into the war, and there had been no agreement with General Sikorski? Would the Russians have moved out of Poland at the behest of the men who will have to sit round a table and organise Europe in peace?

General Sikorski has been praised by our Prime Minister for his statesmanship. He is famed among his own countrymen as a strategist, and he is also a linguist. He speaks French, German and Russian fluently, while his English is improving slowly but surely.

Minister's Forced Landing

ON his third flight across the Atlantic since the war started, Captain Harold Balfour had a forced landing on Canadian soil. On a previous trip his machine had a bad buffeting which caused some concern to those studying its progress from this side. But the Under-Secretary of State for Air has had many similar experiences. He has been a pilot for twenty-six years—a fighter pilot in the last war—and since he has been at the Air Ministry has flown every type of bomber and fighter we have produced to test them for himself.

During his first trip to Canada, where he went to discuss the organisation of the ever-growing Imperial Air Training Scheme, Captain Balfour was called upon to do a big deal for the Government for which he earned the praise of Mr. Neville Chamberlain, who was then Prime Minister. Overnight Captain Balfour was given the opportunity to purchase certain essential requirements, but there was no time to obtain Whitehall sanction because the contract had to be signed and sealed with a cheque first thing next morning. Greatly daring, Captain Balfour got up early in the morning and rang up Mr. Mackenzie King, Canada's Prime Minister, and asked him for a loan of £1,000,000. Captain Balfour had the cheque and the deal was settled before he sat down to breakfast.

Canadian Premier for London

THE fact that Mr. Mackenzie King has decided to come to London after all is a clear indication that public opinion in Canada

was not satisfied with his previous refusal of Mr. Churchill's invitation to attend an Imperial Conference. There is no more astute politician in Canada than Mr. Mackenzie King, and none who keeps his ear closer to the ground. Obviously he now realises that the trip must be made regardless of his own personal feelings in the matter.

His position is quite firm at the moment, because there is nobody strong enough to challenge him. The Conservatives are without an outstanding leader, and in this respect they miss Mr. Bennett, the former Conservative Prime Minister of Canada, very much. I am told that if Canadians were asked to vote for a new leader their choice would fall not on a politician, but on a soldier—Lieutenant-General "Andie" McNaughton, Commander-in-Chief of the Canadians at present serving in this country, whose character and ability also appeals to many influential people here.

Queen Wilhelmina's Favourite

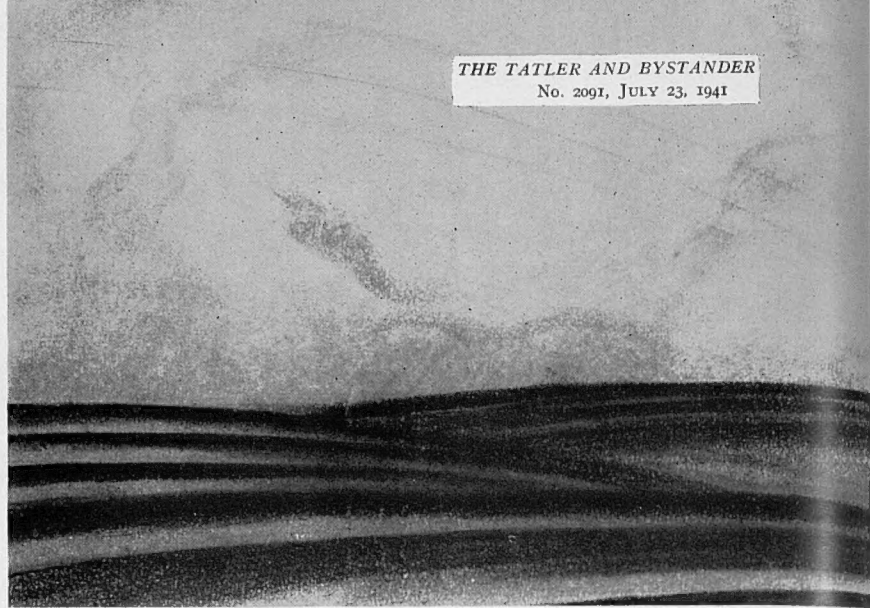
QUEEN WILHELMINA of the Netherlands has come to regard her son-in-law, Prince Bernhard, as her chief adviser on almost every matter. At first she had been reluctant to endorse her daughter's choice. Perhaps the quickness of his popularity with an ever-widening circle of leading people in Britain had some influence on the Queen's mind. Even so, she was, I believe, somewhat anxious about Prince Bernhard's recent trip to Canada and the United States, fearing that a former German Prince would not be well received on the other side of the Atlantic.

In fact, the visit was a great success and an invitation to the White House after he had spent some time with Princess Juliana in Canada removed any doubts that may have persisted. Many universities and colleges conferred honorary degrees on the Princess, including Holland, Michigan—a Dutch community. Queen Wilhelmina was so much intrigued that she asked Mr. Anthony Drexel Biddle, the United States Minister accredited to her Court, to explain the significance. Happily, Mr. Biddle was able to describe the ceremony in detail and to explain how great an honour had been done.

Prince Bernhard, I gather, was particularly delighted that the students of Princeton University had asked him to walk in the academic procession—an honour for which there was no precedent.



Walt Disney (centre) with two of his collaborators, Deems Taylor and Leopold Stokowski, the conductor, studied the designs for the Stravinsky "Le Sacre du Printemps" section



"Fantasia" begins with Bach's "Tocatta and Fugue" which Mr. Disney translates very abstractly for the screen. The Philadelphia Orchestra, with Stokowski conducting, plays all the music

Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

Mr. Disney's "Fantasia"

MR. DISNEY'S *Fantasia** (New Gallery) is an adult picture. It asserts the right of the film to range itself with ballet as the transmogrifier of other men's ideas. It claims the full rights of interpretation, of translation from one medium to another. It is magnificent and trivial, inspiring and commonplace, exciting and tedious. It is at least an hour too long.

Fantasia is an exposition of great music, and some music that is not so great, in terms of Mickey Mouse, Disney's aider and abetter being the conductor, Leopold Stokowski. We start with Bach's *Tocatta and Fugue in D Minor*. Here the pictures are "abstract," in the best Picasso manner, and I find among my notes the words "liver attack," "hat-shop," "tape-worm," "whales," "graveyard ghosts." In my view the film here fails completely; one sits back, closes one's eyes and listens. In a word, one sits Bach.

And then, with Tchaikowsky's *Nutcracker Suite* the *Carneval des Animaux* à la Disney starts in earnest. This is entirely charming, and the gnome-like creatures of Mr. Disney's fancy appear at their most captivating and disarming. *L'Apprenti Sorcier*, by Paul Dukas, serves to show Mickey Mouse matched against a broom-stick and getting the better of its vagaries. Yes, items two and three will please the kiddies.

THE fourth item is Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du Printemps*. This initial ebullition of the new musical jollity never was and never will be concert music, whatever the unwashed hordes of Chelsea and Bloomsbury may think and say. And Stravinsky, knowing this, took dashed good care to make the thing a ballet, in order that the terpsichorean prinks might excuse the musical pranks. Mr. Disney here turns the tables on those tamperers who will not let masterpieces alone. He rejects whoever choreographed Stravinsky's music,

and invents a ballet of his own, showing the earth in its state of primal and pre-Milonic existence. You might say a zoo without keepers. This is very fine, although much too long.

The fifth section, Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*, shows Mr. Disney at his abysmal worst. Femininity has always betrayed this artist who, in the matter of the *Ewig Weibliche* never seems able to get away from the dumber kind of chorus girl. The idea behind the symphony is the flirtations between, and ultimate couplings of, centaurs and centaurettes, the latter being conceived as a kind of chevaline usherettes. I found all this part of the picture quite embarrassingly common.

The sixth section, Ponchielli's *Dance of the Hours*, is again a huge mistake. The grotesque ostrich, who pirouettes à la Pavlova, and her attendant coryphées do something suggest the white inanity, the blanched almond vacuity of *Les Sylphides*. But alas, recourse for the rest of the ballet is had to hippopotami, elephants and their kind, and these do poor justice to the lively little tune at the end which cries aloud for Mills's Circus and white ponies with apricot plumes. In a word the entire panache of this ballet is galumphingly lost.

MR. DISNEY makes good recovery with his transcription of Moussorgsky's *Night on the Bare Mountain*. Here are brought together all the odd, incongruous parallels which, through success or failure, have from time to time suggested themselves—Blake, Gustave Doré, Rousseau the *douanier*, Obey, Goncourt—see the last page of *Manette Salomon*—and Cecil Beaton. In the end the film dissolves into Schubert's *Ave Maria*, and frankly I did not care about Mr. Disney's vindication of the Christian religion. He should have confined himself to the Book of Genesis.

I hope this film, whose colour is exquisite

throughout, will do well. It is ambitious and finely so, and one feels that its vulgarities are at least unintentional. To help it to succeed I make one or two suggestions. 1. Shorten it by the better part of an hour; at present it runs two hours and twenty minutes. 2. Delete the compère, conférencier, announcer, or whatever he is called. His material is dull and redundant, and his dress-suit is awful. 3. Do away with the interval. 4. Delete the lecture on the sound track. 5. Build it up with a good news picture and a good gangster short.

THE other films of the week are middling stuff. *Moon over Burma* is a synthetic film made by coupling up Dorothy Lamour and Robert Preston with the moon and Burma. And, of course, the cinema-goer does not exist who does not dote on the moon and Burma.

Do you want to see *Flame of New Orleans* at the Leicester Square Cinema? Do you want to see an actress, name of Marlene Dietrich, who, as long as she draws breath, will be our best portrayer of the modern gold-digger, playing something else? Do you want to see this flower of modern evil as a modest violet trotting round in a crinoline a hundred years ago? Then this film which is produced by René Clair will be all your fancy paints.

Do you want to see how difficult it is to adopt a baby? *Penny Serenade* (Regal) is a tear-compeller showing how Irene Dunne and Cary Grant lose first their own baby and then the one which they adopt. Which, as Lady Bracknell would certainly have observed, looks like carelessness. The pair are about to divorce, when fortunately a third infant turns up and dares them to do their worst. Personally I should prefer a film in which Irene and Cary, finding themselves handicapped by a brat, try to palm it off on to somebody else!

Rage in Heaven is an admirable thriller in which Robert Montgomery, a paranoic, stages his suicide so that it shall look like a murder. *The Devil and Miss Jones* is a fairy-tale featuring that magnificent comedian Charles Coburn who impersonates a millionaire shop-owner pretending to be a detective in one of his own shops. This is a good film and highly recommended. Whether you like *Footsteps in the Dark* (Warner) depends entirely upon whether you like Errol Flynn. Personally my passion for this actor stops this side of idolatry. A long way this side.

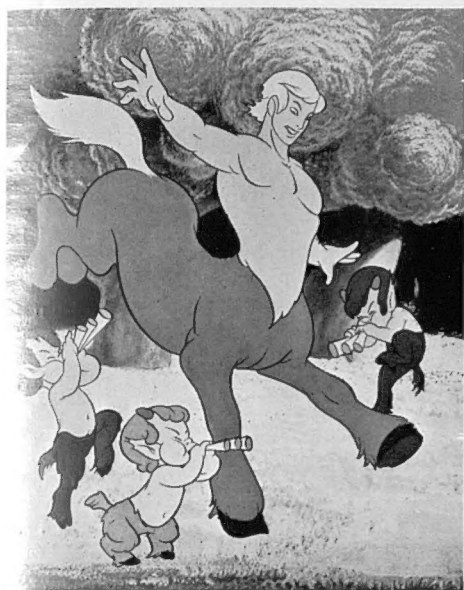
*The London premiere of "Fantasia" takes place this evening (July 23) at the New Gallery in aid of the Red Cross.



"Le Sacre du Printemps" takes shape as a bleak and monstrous pageant of primeval history, a ponderous and scaly ballet of mammoths



Tschaikowsky's "Casse Noisette" inspires Mr. Disney to quite another kind of ballet, full of fairies and fish in his own best "symphony" style



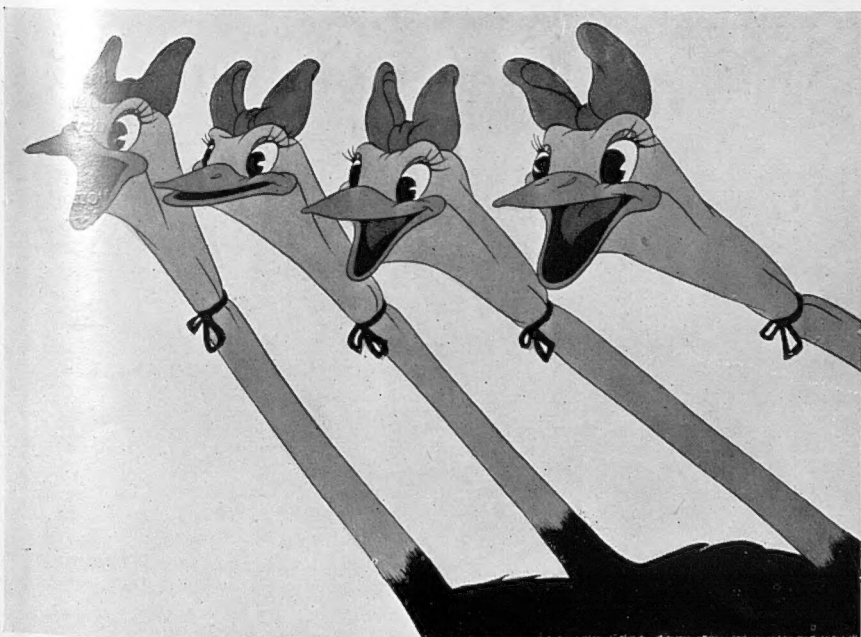
Beethoven's Sixth Symphony has centaurs and centaurettes who Mr. Agate didn't like at all (see opposite)



But every one likes the little black pegasus who trots his way through the Pastoral



Dukas' "L'Apprenti Sorcier" gives Mickey Mouse a leading role as a cocky apprentice who has to learn what life is really like



Ponchielli's "Dance of the Hours" is danced by a ballet company of ostriches, elephants and hippopotamuses



Moussorgsky's "Night on the Bare Mountain" has old Bald Mountain Devil as its chief character

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"King John" (New)

THIS all-too-rarely acted play, toured by the Old Vic Company up north before they brought it to town, was an extremely happy choice: not only because it has the raciest "plot" of any of Shakespeare's "histories," but also because it is the most topical. As an exposure of national professions, of the place honour holds in war when it comes to the crucial point, of unabashed cupboard love when it pays converting to equally unabashed desertion when it doesn't, in fact, of the whole European business of looking after No. 1 on a grand scale, it has never been equalled. Shakespeare tells his black, bitter and degrading story with a satirical shrug no audience could possibly mistake. But Mr. Tyrone Guthrie and Mr. Lewis Casson, the joint producers, seem here and there to have been over-anxious lest the audience should miss the author's point and create unnecessary trouble by helping over stiles a dog who, not being lame in any of his paws, may be seen struggling for the free use of his limbs.

Whether King John's throne was meant to look like a royal commode I can't say for certain. But there can be no doubt about the hobby horses on which Austria and the Bastard prance up and down as they bandy words the prancing renders practically inaudible—some of the liveliest words, too, in the whole play. Puppetry never entered into Shakespeare's dramatic scheme. To him the walls of Angiers were the walls of Angiers and not an ever so (if ever so) delicious imitation of a toy fort out of a box. And the Citizen who appeared on them was a citizen and not a *pantalone*.

Sketches by
Anna Zinkeisen



Twelfth-century pageantry: Philip, King of France (Abraham Sofaer), Constance (Sybil Thorndike), Blanch of Spain (Renée Ascherson), Lewis the Dauphin (Richard Wordsworth), King John (Ernest Milton), Philip the Bastard (George Hagan)



Pandolph, "of fair Milan cardinal" and the Pope's Legate (Lewis Casson)

THIS self-conscious attitude is reflected in much of Mr. Ernest Milton's rather erratic and operatic performance as King John. Shakespeare did not think much of John, but he took him seriously as a pretty bad hat, and at no point, so far as I can see, wrote his part as a comedy part. When he is double-faced,



Death of a Prince: Arthur (Ann Casson) and Hubert de Burgh (Ernest Hare)

he is penny-plain double-faced, not twopence-coloured quadruple-faced. We should feel more inclined to hiss him, as we feel inclined to hiss Aaron in *Titus Andronicus*, than to laugh at him, as we feel inclined to laugh at Benedick in *Much Ado*. Shakespeare has so often been dull when the theatre has taken him (as every playwright should be taken) straight that a tendency has grown up to play about with him and to make him at all costs (and how high these costs can be!) diverting. One of the cleverest performances in this production is given by Sonia Dresdel in the diminutive part of Lady Faulconbridge, but it is one of the worst performances, because Miss Dresdel makes about ten times as much of the part as Shakespeare could possibly have intended, and because she plays it eighteenth century. It is quite appalling to see what a remarkable thing an intelligent actress can make of a very minor character.

But it is not only actors and actresses who make mountains out of molehills. Did not Coleridge, writing of Lady Faulconbridge's servant, James Gurney, who comes on, says: "Good leave, good Philip," and goes off, rhapsodise over the brilliant drawing of this character: "For an instance of Shakespeare's power in *minimis*, I generally quote James Gurney's character in *King John*. How individual and comical he is with the four words allowed to his dramatic life." To which is added the note: "The very *exit* of Gurney is a stroke of James's character."

IF Miss Dresdel was too young (which she was) for Lady Faulconbridge, Ann Casson was too old for Arthur, besides being the wrong sex. I know there's a war on, but Arthur is one of the few male parts for which registration is not necessary. A female Prince Henry, who was only ten years old when John died, was another not very defensible misfit. I thought the best performances were given by Esmé Church as Queen Elinor, strong and straightforward; Lewis Casson, a most crafty Pandolph; and Nigel Buchanan as Lord Bigot. Sybil Thorndyke had her ups and downs. She was moving in the marvellous grief of Constance. A more English King of France than Abraham Sofaer no Elizabethan could wish to see.



Anthony

Bed and Breakfast in the Bath

Owing to the illness of Yvonne Arnaud, who is returning to the London stage in Margery Sharpe's *The Nutmeg Tree*, the reopening of the long closed Lyric Theatre, due this evening, has been postponed for a week. As the unconventional Julia Packett, who, owing to money troubles, is obliged to live chiefly in her bathroom, and who gets herself scandalously involved with a troupe of trapeze artists (the Four Ballatons) while travelling to Ireland to visit her daughter Susan (Carla Lehmann, the beautiful young Canadian actress), Miss Arnaud has plenty of opportunities to use her charming sense of fun and subtle wit. She has been for some time running her own farm in Surrey and doing war work locally, and will be welcomed back to the West End in this amusing play

Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

In Scotland and Clacton

WAR WEAPONS WEEKS continue all over the country. The Duke of Montrose spoke at the opening of the one in Stirlingshire, stressing the necessity to avoid waste of the money so collected by petty disputes and strikes.

In Clacton the drive was directed by Captain J. E. McCreery Kemball, J.P., and the executive committee included Mr. J. Cobbold, Colonel and Lady Susan Birch, Colonel A. J. H. Ward, Lady Fairfax and Colonel Theobald.

At the Council offices there was an amusing indicator in the shape of a racecourse, with Winston Churchill, Hitler and Mussolini as runners, with a plea to local investors to see that the right one won.

Tennis

SOME interesting people collected in the bright sun for the lawn tennis exhibition matches at Lady Crosfield's lovely home at Highgate.

Miss Rachel Parsons, who has been in America, was there, and Kathleen Lady Domville was talking to the Greek Minister and M. Filipowicz, late Polish Ambassador in Washington. Mme. Simopoulos was in conversation with Lord Iliffe, and Mr. Pandia Calvocoressi was among the members of the Greek colony.

Miss Delia Crossley, the flying girl, was wearing a shady hat—nice change from helmets, and Miss Kay Stammers, now Mrs. Menzies, looked pretty in pink, with all hairs in place.

The roses and delphiniums played their extravagantly decorative part.

Paderewski

So few people become as famous as all that in their own lifetime that it is surprising to realise that Paderewski is only just dead. He certainly was wonderful, and able to play for hours, even when old. He was the friend of kings and presidents and received with wild enthusiasm in every capital in the world: besides his playing and composing, he was always very active on behalf of his native Poland, of which he was for a short time the Premier.

He built the famous Grunwald Monument in Cracow to commemorate Poland's greatest victory over the Teutonic Knights in 1410, and to Warsaw he offered the monuments of Colonel House and Wilson, and he spent a great proportion of his enormous earnings on various Polish patriotic causes.

When General Sikorski formed his second Government in France, in September 1939, Paderewski became chairman of the Polish National Council, in which capacity he remained until his death. He will be succeeded by M. J. Mikolaczky, the acting chairman and leader of the Polish Peasant Party.

Wedding and Christening

IN Leicestershire Pilot-Officer Paul Francis Mayhew, R.A.F., son of Sir Basil Mayhew, of Felthorpe Hall, Norwich, has just

married Miss Monica Stancliffe, daughter of Canon Stancliffe, who himself officiated at the quiet wedding, his daughter being given away by her brother, another clergyman.

A smart christening was the one at which the King, for whom the Master of Forbes, Grenadier Guards, stood proxy, was godfather. The child in question was the daughter of Captain Lord Anson, Grenadier Guards, and the christening happened near Slough. The Queen, who is an aunt of Lady Anson, was at the ceremony, and Lady Delia Peel was there too. She was Lady Delia Spencer, and is a sister of Lady Annaly.

Luncheons

IMPORTANT luncheons lately included one in honour of Mr. A. J. Drexel Biddle, at which Lord Harewood presided. It was given at the St. James's Club by Mr. J. F. Crowley and Mr. Franklin C. Gowen, and among important people there were Sir Alexander Cadogan, Sir Malcolm Robertson, M.P., Mr. Brendan Bracken, M.P., Lord Sempill, Sir Eric Phipps, Sir Louis Greig, Sir Murdoch Macdonald, M.P., Lord Queensberry, Lord Ivor Churchill, Sir Lionel Earle, and Colonel Warren Pearl.

Another occasion was a luncheon given by the Foreign Secretary, which was fairly all-round representative with the Portuguese Ambassador, the Brazilian Ambassador, the Swiss Minister, the Uruguayan Minister, Lord Camrose, Sir Kingsley Wood, and Sir Archibald Sinclair.



Mr. and Mrs. David Rome were married a week before the match. She was Miss Elizabeth Needham, and he is Brig.-General and the Hon. Mrs. Claude Rome's son, and captained Harrow in 1929

Politeness about each other's language must impede progress on such occasions.

A.R.P. Entertainment

THE lovely, big, glossy, marble-filled Institut Français rattled with people for the smart performance of *Kensington Rhapsody* by local A.R.P. workers in aid of the Red Cross and St. John Ambulance.

The Mayor and Mayoress of Kensington were there to receive Lady Louis Mountbatten and Lady Limerick. Others who attended were the Marquesa de Casa Maury, Sir Charles Souter, who is Kensington's Chief Warden, Mrs. Prentis and Mrs. Fawcus of the Red Cross, Mrs. Jessel and Mrs. R. McKenna, St. John, Lady Swaythling, Alderman Fane, Professor and Mme. Saurat of the Institut, Countess Nora Wydenbruck, Councillor Dickens, and other representatives of Kensington.

The theatre itself is elegant, with beautifully padded seats, and nice versions of Tragedy and Comedy to decorate it, and the programme a pleasant mixture of songs, dancing and sketches.

War Work

LADY WARRENDER, who has the most enchanting black and white greyhound, and, in the country, a black and white horse to match it, works very hard over her Comforts Fund for Poland's Armed Forces. She started it in December 1939 at the request of the Polish Ambassador, after the visit to this country of the Polish Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief, General Sikorski. It grew rapidly, and from supplying woollen things, chocolates, cigarettes, etc., succeeded in providing a mobile canteen which went to France, supervised by Lady Warrender herself, where, eventually, it had to be run into the sea to prevent it from falling into German hands, and she and her unit got away in a hospital ship.

Since then she has been looking after the Polish Army evacuated over here, and among the things her fund has provided are many musical instruments which do much to cheer these people so far from their own homes.



On Agar's Plough: Young Marrieds Who Won

Lady Joan Newman and her husband, Lieut. George Newman, R.N.V.R., wanted Eton to win. Mr. Newman is an Old Etonian and a cricketer, and Lady Joan's father, the Earl of Clarendon, was at Eton

More Comforts

ANOTHER supplier of comforts, this time to our own Forces as well as those of our allies, is Mrs. Leslie Gamage, whose base is what used to be the 'Infants' Hospital in Vincent Square. Among the names in the visitors' book there is Princess Mary's.

Besides things for the Forces, Mrs. Gamage helps bombed-out families, maternity hospitals, the waifs and strays—all who are in need have a claim on the enormous output of articles of every kind. All sorts of ingenious things have been invented to avoid waste of even the least scraps. Mattresses are stuffed with snippings of material; ends left over from many-tailed bandages are done up to be used as thermometer swabs, to save cotton-wool, and there is a good idea in the calico covers for surgeons to wear over their own shoes when at work, thus avoiding the expense of rubber boots.

Mrs. Gamage calls her organisation "The Hon. Mrs. Gamage's Hospital Supply Services and Comforts for the Forces Depot." It is approved by the Admiralty, War Office, and Air Ministry. She is the elder daughter of Lord Hirst, whose grandson and heir is in the R.A.F.V.R.

Film

MARLENE DIETRICH, playing the part of a phoney Countess, is back on the old immobile gag. A series of stills of the lovely creature superimposed on the quite amusing and sufficiently active story would have had much the same effect. Hints of a lurid and more nimble past give her trouble, and to account for them to the pompous gentleman of means her refinement has won her as a husband, she has to appear as a tart who is her own double. But even this opportunity is rather shrinkingly approached, and the feather boa of the calling is the most definite clue.

However, she has her moments with a rugged sailor, and eventually goes off with him, the call of true love triumphing over riches. It would have been nice to see her dangling her lovely legs over the edge of



A Wedding in London: Bride and Bridegroom and Witnesses

Mr. Francis Lorne and Margot Lady Chesham were married on Monday last week at Caxton Hall register office. He is an architect, and she was the first wife of Lord Chesham, whom she divorced in 1937. In this group are Captain and Mrs. Charles Mills, the bridegroom and bride, Mrs. Kingscote, the Hon. Mrs. Cavendish, Miss Helen Lorne, and Lieut. the Hon. Charles Cavendish, R.A., Lady Chesham's son and heir to his father's barony

his boat, but the period clothes maintained them as a memory.

Bad Luck

SIR CHRISTOPHER COURTNEY, who lately re-broke the leg that was smashed up in his flying accident in Yorkshire just before the war, continues to work hard from hospital. He and Lady Courtney have had much bad luck lately—besides this, their flat was twice blitzed, and she broke her ankle not long ago.

She is a wonderful cook, and fixes delicious things to take down to him in hospital; also produces wonderful luncheons for her friends in London. Mrs. "Mike" Scanlon, whose husband's important new job in Washington is unfortunately taking her back to the U.S., was at a recent one, also Lady Mitchell. Lovely salad and new potatoes from the Courtneys' country cottage were part of the lunch, which included a beautiful

egg dish and finished up with mangoes, always a rarity, even out of tins, and now, to most people here, extinct.

Personality

C. S. ARCHER, author of the popular book *Hankow Return*, is a very definite personality. He has been all over the place, and nothing of his travels and adventures has missed him. He tells wonderful stories—particularly appealing ones about stud-farming in Virginia—and will have another enthralling series about his war job, if they can ever be told.

His book is splendidly meaty: solid material throughout. Unevenly written, with the "love interest" and social bits either perfunctory or over-explained, but absorbing in the parts about the Chinese war, and the descriptions of things that have appealed to him, like that of the Yangtse river on pp. 52 and 53.



Among the Spectators of the Second Wartime Eton and Harrow Match Which Eton Won

The Marquess and Marchioness of Huntly walked round with Lady Huntly's youngest brother, the Hon. Anthony Berry, who is at Eton. She is Lord Kemsley's daughter and was married this year. Of her six brothers, two were at Marlborough and two at Harrow. Her husband is in the Gordons

Squadron-Leader and Mrs. Ian Orr-Ewing were another young couple watching the cricket together. He is an Old Harrovian. She was Miss Joan McMinnies before their wedding in the first weeks of the war. They have a son born last year. (More pictures of players and spectators are on the next two pages)



Friendly and Informal—the Family Background of the Match



Hero of the match was C. M. Wheatley, here with his sister, Elizabeth. He was responsible for the dismissal of seven Harrovian batsmen, and made 48 not out himself



D. W. S. S. Lane opened the Eton innings (with Pease) and made 51 runs—top score of the match. With him is Miss Alison Lane



Lane's partner in opening the match was the Hon. C. H. P. Pease, Lord Wardington's elder son. He made 31 runs before he was stumped

Eton v. Harrow

Agar's Plough Was This Year's Substitute for Lord's

The second Eton and Harrow match of the war was played on Agar's Plough on July 12th, in an atmosphere described by *The Times* correspondent as "not that of pre-war Lord's, unless perhaps it was pre-Crimean," and was won by Eton by 136 runs. Credit for this decisive victory was mainly shared by a two-hour interval which left Harrow a more difficult wicket than that on which the Eton XI. made its 190 runs, and by C. M. Wheatley, whose bowling analysis was 16 o., 6 m., 31 r., 7 w., and who contributed 48 runs to Eton's total



J. A. Floyd, c. and b. Readman for 7, was bowling when Readman was caught by Spooner. Here he is with Spooner's cricketer father R. H. Spooner



E. H. Spooner, talking to another famous ex-cricketer, H. D. G. Leveson-Gower, contributed some brilliant wicket-keeping (but no runs) to Eton's victory



Geoffrey Cowper-Coles led the way for three members of his family, Mrs. Cowper-Coles, Sub-Lieut. Cowper-Coles, R.N.V.R., and Ordinary Seaman Cowper-Coles. With them is Brian Young, who is Captain of the School at Eton



Lady Alvingham watched the match with her stepdaughter, the Hon. Mrs. Turner, and her fourteen-year-old stepson, the Hon. Guy Yerborough.



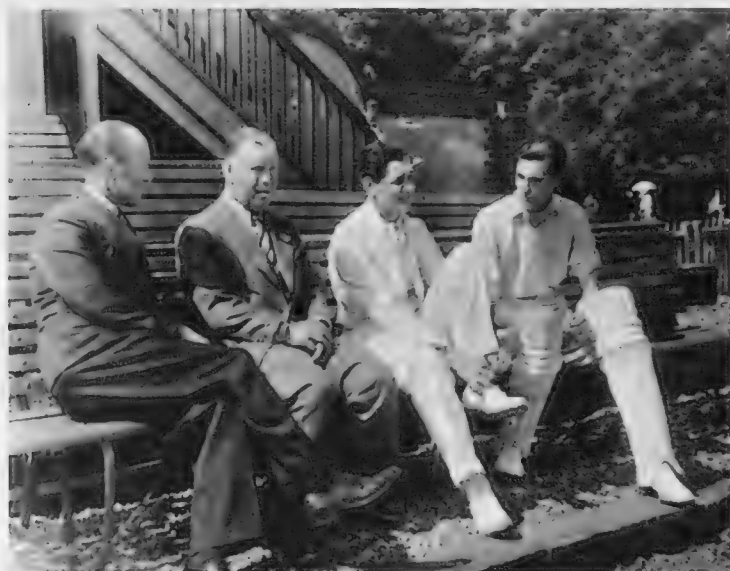
The Hon. Luke and the Hon. Patricia White are Lord and Lady Annaly's two children. He is fourteen and she is eighteen this year.



Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Sturt were together. They were married last year and have a daughter born in March. She is Lord Hillingdon's eldest child.



Another young brother and sister were the Hon. John and the Hon. Katharine Ormsby-Gore, second son and second daughter of Lord Harlech.



The two coaches, Andrew Ducat (Eton) and Patsy Hendren (Harrow) and the two captains, D. F. Henley (Harrow) and H. M. Chinnery (Eton), sat together before the match. Neither captain made any runs for his side, but Henley's bowling dismissed one Harrovian and produced catches from two more, and Chinnery made three fine catches, two off Wheatley.



The XI's, here at lunch, were: Eton—Pease, Lane, Bramall, Chinnery, Spooner, Floyd, Lindsay, Marshall, Wheatley, Keighley, Cory-Wright; Harrow—Smith, Cholmondeley, Mitchell, Anson, Boissier, Henley, McLean, Griffin, Gordon, Readman, Fosh. Fosh, Harrow's wicket-keeper, was unable to bat for his side.

John and Jean Cobbold were with their mother, Lady Blanche Cobbold, the Duke of Devonshire's second sister. Miss Jean Cobbold is twenty this year, and her brother is six years younger.

Lady Sybil Phipps, sister of the Duchess of Gloucester and the Duke of Buccleuch, was with her sixteen-year-old son Charles and her two daughters, Miss Clare and Miss Eileen Phipps.



Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

IN happier days the recent centenary of Thomas Cook (and Son) would, or should, have been a national occasion, celebrated with flags and oratory and a grand Imperial pageant in Hyde Park, beginning with those hairy teetotallers from Market Harborough solemnly detraining in their Sunday blacks at Leicester in July 1840, and ending with that dainty ballet-satire *The Blue Train*.

The peak-effort of Thos. Cook—who, in common with all other Victorians, tight-lipped, whiskered, domed of brow, severe, looked like Lord Salisbury—was probably his very sound application to the Government of India, some time in the 1880's, to be given powers to negotiate and run the Mecca pilgrimage as a business proposition. Why this was turned down we can't conceive. All other modern pilgrimages are organised, and obviously the greater mediaeval ones must have been as well. The earliest of English sea-songs is a ballad about a shipload of English pilgrims in a storm, going to St. James's shrine at Compostella. They are extremely ill, the grinning sailors bustle round with bowls of hot wine, and it is clear that the lines—

Then cometh oure owner lyke a lorde,
And speketh many a royall worde;
refer not to the ship's captain but to the contemporary Cook's representative, in his neat official striped hose and doublet, suave, unruffled, and unseasick, saying we're nearly there, gentlemen.

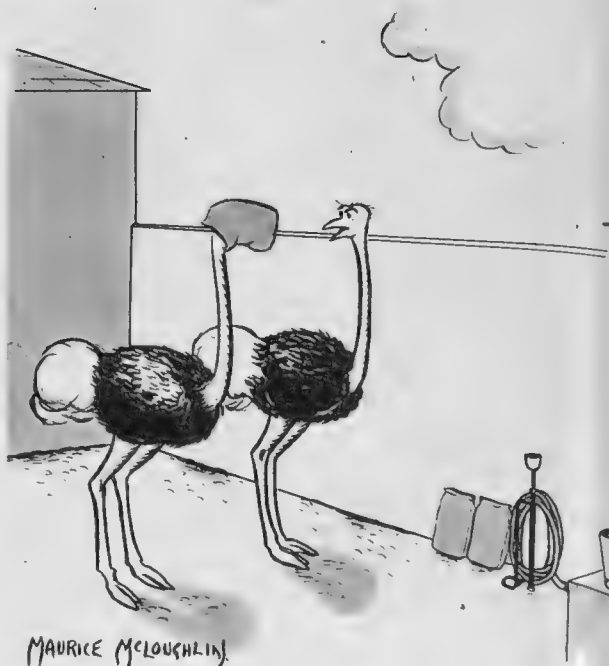
Boon

ON the secular side, it is, or was, easy to laugh at droves of hot and bothered British suburbanites hounded in a stupor through the foreign maze. Nevertheless, chaps who rightly loathe the beaten track but scorn Thos. Cook's aid in getting to the jumping-off point are, or were, merely nitwits, to coin a word. Cook rushed you quickly and comfortably in a few hours down the main road to, say, Irun or Ax-les-Thermes; you kissed him and his herd goodbye, and in a very few hours more you were stumbling blissfully among Los Altos, the magical High Pyrenees, a million million miles from the dusty world of men and their tiresome babble. If this is not the greatest boon of modern times we will eat all the stinking goat-cheese in Andorra at one mouthful.

Salute

LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS'S sonnet in the *Daily Mail* to Winston Churchill, beginning "Not that of old I loved you over-much," and ending with a deliberate echo of Addison's compliment in *The Campaign* to the other Marlborough—

Like your Sire,
You rode the whirlwind and out-stormed
the storm,
was a pleasure from many aspects. It isn't



MAURICE (McLOUGHLIN)

—But what on earth is the pump for?"

every master-duellist who so gracefully salutes an old antagonist with the ever-bright rapier, it is by no means every distinguished poet who can show admiring magnanimity—most of the Muse's children are devils for keeping up a row—and it isn't often that a bit of happy frankness is discovered amid the bland flow of unmingled adulation which treacles from the daily Press.

For writing *The Campaign*, Addison, you remember, was rewarded with a cosy Government sinecure, for such was the pleasing custom in those days, when poets deserved it. Nanny has always given the cake to nicely-behaved poets with smooth hair and clean ears, like Addison and Tennyson and Alfred Austin, and coldly ignored poets who fight and make faces, like Pope and Browning (whose bit of furious verse saying he'd like to spit in FitzGerald's eye probably cost him a peerage). How the old-fashioned language in the present Poet Laureate's earlier works was ever forgiven is a mystery to us. We expect somebody explained to the Government that Mr. Masfield used to go round with sailors. Sailors can get away with anything. Imagine a Wellington trying to put an Emma Hamilton across the scandalised Island Race.

Tzigane

ROLLING wild dark Romany eyes, clashing our gold earrings, baring our dazzling wolf-like teeth in a snarl of embarrassment, we learn from the papers that numbers of our gypsy brethren are being passed over as unfit by the Army calling-up authorities (though the fit ones, we happen to remember, often make first-class soldiers).

Bouncing George ("Aren't-I-Marvellous?") Borrow and his sparring partner Mr. Petulengro ought to be alive to shrug this one off. Romancer as Slogger Borrow was, we dare surmise he never dreamed our lithe, dark, free-striding brothers of the open road, the moon and stars, might find themselves turned down like puling Gorgios one day for

(Concluded on page 122)



"Even to avoid argument, I doubt if the War Office would allow us to waste live rounds just for manœuvres"



Grecian Dancer — Pamela May as Eurydice

Anthony

Pamela May gives one of the most beautiful and moving performances of her career in *Orpheus and Eurydice*, Ninette de Valois' new ballet to Gluck's music, and contributes much both as dancer and actress to what has been judged "a major event in the history of the Sadler's Wells Company." *Orpheus and Eurydice* was first performed in May, and can now be seen again at the New Theatre, where the Vic-Wells ballet opened a three weeks' season on Monday, after a short Ensa tour. This time they have an orchestra, and besides giving half-a-dozen works from their modern repertoire, they are reviving *Job* and three classical ballets—*Le Lac des Cygnes*, *Giselle* (a hundred years old last month) and *Coppelia*.

Standing By ...

(Continued)

pigeon-chest, hammer-toe, thrush, lumbago, thrombosis, and arterio-sclerosis. It certainly makes a fool of the Wind On The Heath, brother, and if all the gypsies of Europe could meet in congress this year, as usual, at Les Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer, we guess the British delegation would be looking somewhat shyly pensive.

Prophecy

IN another sense Romany stock is soaring. You've probably heard the story, now being whispered everywhere by owlish citizens with faces like pumpkin-pie, of the gypsies who recently camped one night by permission in a field, then suddenly moved to another? Asked why, they said the original field would be bombed the next night, which duly happened. Impressed, the farmer asked if they could predict the end of the war. They said: "Three months after your death," and (the story ends breathlessly) the farmer died last week.

Sceptical by nature, we've never been inclined to endow the Romany race with more than mediocre gifts of prophecy, having tested their powers more than once at the Derby. That aura of psychic Oriental mystery is, in our view—also that of Prosper Mérimée, who knew much more about the gypsies than Borrow—the bunk. We rank them as seers with some humble rustic oracle of Old Greece giving tongue at half-a-lepta the crack. Whether Professor Starkie, our leading modern authority, agrees we forget, being also blown if we'll look it up.

Word

GINGERLY venturing into the underworld of American slang, like a maiden lady visiting a leper settlement with tickets for soup, Auntie Times seemed vaguely to surmise—unless we do her grievous wrong and herewith apologise—that Mr. Quentin Reynolds's recent reference to Goering as "Slap-Happy Hermann" had something to do with warding off flies and mosquitoes. If we're not odiously in error, "slap-happy" means the state of being a snowbird, or hophead; in other words, a dope-addict.

There are two things to do about American slang: one is to ignore it totally in a well-bred way, the other to find out what it means. The thing not to do is to make a rather patronising shot at it like Sir Samuel Hoare, who took "jitterbug" to mean a citizen with the wind up and launched the word into spurious circulation. Greatly admiring the swift, vivid, imaginative literary force of 90 per cent. of current American slang, we feel this uncritical hauteur is unworthy of a cultivated mind. The same applies to flashing tropes like, for example, "That guy's so low he'd need a stepladder to kiss a rat." If that isn't sheer poetry what is it?

Fuel

FOLLOWING dark hints of a coal-shortage next winter, it seems surprising that the Whitehall boys have not yet issued a 16-page pamphlet recommending alternative fuels such as the cedar-logs beloved of high-class novelists, which are only about five or ten guineas each, or maybe twenty.

In every rich, smart novel—correct us if wrong—there comes a moment when the fragrance of a cedar-log fire fills the twilight Adam drawing-room, gets up the nose of the passionate hero, already doxy with the subtle French perfume of Lady Angela, and makes him more slap-happy (see above) than before. This kind of fire has always smelt to us a bit decadent and Byzantine. A fire of salt-soaked, aged, oaken, tarry ship's timbers gathered on a stormy beach not only gives out a finer aroma but delights the eye with sparkles of blue and crimson. Beech-logs burn deliciously also and so do apple-logs, but damson-logs are our choice, their smoke being faintly sweet and never cloying, soothing and never enervating, entirely free from narcotic influences, and enabling the hero to stand up to Lady Angela, Serpent of Old Mayfair, like a man and possibly sock her one with a hairbrush.

Naturally peat is better than them all, if you can find it. Peat gets you suddenly by the throat, like the beauty of Ireland, and enables you (a chap was telling us) to uncoil the falsest, most alluring siren with perfect nonchalance, roll her up, and toss her aside like a bit of old string.

Tipple

IF asked to place the national drinks of the Island Race in order of popularity we should say (1) patent medicines, (2) tea, (3) beer, sort of.

And if the Government thinks this new legislation requiring every patent medicine after 1941 to bear a label stating its true composition is going to put the populace off its favourite tipple, it is most likely in error. Millions every year are spent increasingly on the stuff, as a statistician recently revealed, and a string of incomprehensible words on the label will, we guess, merely add to the flavour, especially of those quack products which pack a nice cocktail kick. A very old boulevardier who remembered the powerful acting of Charles Warner in *Drink*, adapted from Zola's *L'Assommoir*, once told us that it so appalled and fascinated an aged relative of his, herself permanently doxy and cockeyed with patent medicines of a dozen kinds, her principal hobby, that she went to see it night after night and considered it a great moral tract.

Whether secret patent-medicine orgies ever take place he couldn't say. Maybe all that stealthy rustling of black silk and those high-pitched coughs you hear when passing boarding-houses in Kensington are a secret call to the Sabbat, who knows?

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"But, sergeant — my wife and kids needed bread"

Old Bill Goes East: By Bruce Bairnsfather



"So this is yer first sight o' the war, is it? Well, what do yer blinkin' well want us to do? Run through the parts you've missed for yer?"

Wiltshire Re-Union

Mrs. Ivan Foxwell with
Her Baby Daughter and
Soldier Film - Producer
Husband, Home on Leave

*Photographs by
Miss Compton Collier*

*Captain and Mrs. Foxwell with
Sandy, the White West Highland*



Mrs. Ivan Foxwell and her Baby Daughter

These pictures of Mrs. Ivan Foxwell and her eight-months-old daughter Zia, were taken when her husband, a Captain in the Royal Norfolk Regiment, was spending seven days' leave at Home Farm, Sherston, their Wiltshire home. Mrs. Foxwell was Miss Edith Lambart, before her marriage at St. George's, Hanover Square, in February 1940. She is the only child of the Hon. Mrs. Lionel Lambart. Her father, the late Captain the Hon. Lionel Lambart, R.N., a well-known sportsman and polo player, who was heir-presumptive to his brother, the Earl of Cavan, lost his life in the evacuation from Dunkirk. Her husband, who served with the B.E.F., came safely home from France. Before the war he produced several French films seen in London. His last picture, *De Mayerling à Sarajevo*, was showing in Paris when the Germans entered, and had a successful run in New York





Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Two Lovely Sisters

The Hon. Esmée Harmsworth and her sister Lorna, who married Mr. Neill Cooper-Key, Irish Guards, six months ago, are the two beautiful daughters of Viscount Rothermere, owner of Mere-worth Castle and M.P. for the Isle of Thanet Division of Kent. Their mother is Mrs. Tom Hussey, of Athelhampton Hall, Dorset. They were photographed with their dogs, Luft and Winkie, at Lovell-Dene, Norman Hartnell's attractive Berkshire house. Mrs. Cooper-Key is an active member of the W.V.S. and looks after children from bombed-out homes. Her sister recently had an exciting return journey from America on an export liner via Bermuda and Lisbon. Miss Harmsworth went to the U.S.A. as escort to her brother on his way to school in Connecticut, and while in New York she helped Mrs. Wales Latham and the Duchess of Leinster with "Bundles for Britain."

The Quick and the Dead

Noel Coward's "Blithe Spirit" Steers
a Gay Course Between Two Worlds



"Are you ready to empty your minds?"

This is the question asked by Madame Arcati (Margaret Rutherford), the medium, of Mr. and Mrs. Condoman (Cecil Parker and Fay Compton) and their guests, Dr. and Mrs. Bradman (Martin Lewis and Moya Nugent), as they settle down to an after-dinner séance



"I've not the least desire to look at your tongue.
Kindly put it in again"

Charles Condoman (Cecil Parker) tries to prove by the condition of his tongue to his wife (Fay Compton) that he was not drunk the night before. She acidly refuses to believe his story that his dead wife, Elvira, had materialised, and that he had spoken to her



"What are we to do with her?"

Ruth Condoman (Fay Compton), the hostess, is agitated at the turn events have taken, when, after some mild rapping, the table is knocked over and confusion reigns. The medium falls into a trance on the floor at the séance which appears to have been fruitless

Below: Ruth (Fay Compton) makes an unsatisfactory attempt to give a piece of her mind to Elvira (Kay Hammond) (invisible to Ruth), the Blithe Spirit of the title, who has invaded her home and made life unbearable



THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER



"Yes, yes, again, again"

The medium (Margaret Rutherford), triumphant and ecstatic at having materialised a spirit, she knows not how, begs Elvira (Kay Hammond), whom she cannot see, to breathe on her, that she may at least feel her presence. Charles (Cecil Parker) looks on, equally pleased, as he is still enjoying the novelty of his spirit wife's society

"Blithe Spirit," Noel Coward's new comedy, reviewed by Mr. Farjeon last week, is at the Piccadilly Theatre



"The bridge at the bottom of the hill?
I'll come at once"

Charles (Cecil Parker) hears on the telephone of Ruth's death in a motor-accident. He begins to realise that Elvira (Kay Hammond) his spirit wife, is involved. Her plans have miscarried; she meant to kill Charles and take him with her to the astral plane

Photographs by Anthony



Edith, the young maid (Ruth Reeves), gets the fright of her life, and drops the tea-tray with a scream, when she sees the gramophone start again, apparently unaided. The invisible Elvira (Kay Hammond) plays these tricks to upset the household in which she now unwillingly stays

Below: Elvira (Kay Hammond) watches the efforts of Madame Arcati (Margaret Rutherford) and her husband (Cecil Parker) to arrange for her de-materialisation. She almost loses heart, and says, if she ever does get back, she will strangle little Daphne, the child spirit medium, responsible for her earthly visit

Below: Madame Arcati (Margaret Rutherford) finds out that Edith (Ruth Reeves) is what she calls a "Natural," and that her mischievous wish had caused the appearance of the first Mrs. Condoman. Edith goes into a trance, and the final disappearance of Elvira and Ruth, now also a spirit, takes place



With Silent Friends

By Richard King

Escape

MOST of us long to escape. We have dreams of a world of freedom, sunshine, no responsibilities; with nothing very much to do except to enjoy ourselves in our own fashion, and horrid, gnawing worries like income-tax, rates, tiresome acquaintances and relations, falling out of love and growing old, do not exist. We picture to ourselves some semi-tropical island where all is peace and plenty enough, and where we can lie in the sun and dream, getting right away from that kind of "civilisation" which, by contrast, makes the simple primitive look like Arcadia.

Very few of us ever get to that dream-land, and maybe few of us would recognise it if we arrived. For the trouble would be that we should, so to speak, take ourselves with us; and from ourselves there is no escape, and in ourselves lie all the sorrow and every chance of happiness we possess. If only we could get right away for a time from that kind of inner-burden we might possibly be able to lie down and relax. But from that there is no escape, except in our dreams and in our wishful thinking. And I, for one, long that fate might be otherwise.

No wonder, then, I often-envied Mr. Donald Sloan, who, in his delightful book, *Polynesian Paradise* (Hale; 12s. 6d.), tells us of his travels and strange experiences among the Pacific islands of Manu'a. Before he started he had longed to discover some spot where native life was untarnished by civilisation, by commerce, by alien government and by missionaries. Some place where the old

customs still survived in all their simplicity and seriousness, and where a totally different conception of how to live life, as white civilisation conceives it, existed and people went about happily from day to day, rather as if the past were naught and the future a repetition of to-day's happier, more care-free moments. Such a place seemed like an idle dream until one day in Samoa he was told of the Manu'a Islands and how the old life persisted there almost as if no other mode of living existed anywhere in the world. His imagination was stirred and he felt that at all costs he must go to discover this paradise for himself—if it should turn out to be.

This Island

NEVERTHELESS, he had many difficulties to overcome before he could set forth. The United States Government had deliberately closed the islands to any curious visitors other than men of science and a few others who were licensed to do trade with the natives. However, he obtained the necessary permit at last, and landed on the largest of these islands, each one of which is of volcanic origin. The only representative of the United States Government is a naval doctor, who, besides following his practice of medicine, is a kind of confidential adviser to the various chiefs. The natives remain in their way of life much as they have been for the last two hundred years. I like, for instance, that spirit of independence which, when the United States sent a consignment of cattle and horses to aid progress, the whole lot

was blissfully eaten at a wedding feast of the King's daughter.

Only an occasional ship calls at the Manu'a Islands, and the only mail is addressed to the medical officer. There is no white population and, perhaps fortunately, no missionaries. It was a strange land to enter, but Mr. Sloan was received everywhere with the greatest kindness, especially by Tufele, the native governor, who spoke English. Thus being officially accepted, the natives soon began to treat him as one of themselves.

He lived their life, he shared in their work and play. He quickly learned to speak their language and so could take part not only in their home life but in their ceremonies. He studied their traditions and customs, and soon learnt to sing their ancient songs. Their ways of healing puzzled him, but by pretending to be ill himself he soon learnt their secret; often with painful results. He worked in the plantations, cooked in rocky ovens and climbed coconut palms like an expert.

He fished for swordfish and tuna, learnt to dive into the deep, warm coral sea in search of lobsters and other shell-fish. He even took part in the most popular Manu'an sport—that of leaping on the backs of man-killing sharks from a canoe and disembowelling his prey with one quick cut. So popular did he become that he was eventually offered the regency of a tribe whose hereditary chief was too young to assume control.

Indeed, the whole adventure is both interesting and valuable; ethnologically speaking, as a vivid account of a simple, unspoiled people among whom there is neither very rich nor very poor; all being members of a kind of family in which each shares his existence with the other—a mode of idealised Socialism in which the "give" and the "take" is a question of freedom rather than compulsion. It makes your mental mouth water to read Mr. Sloan's understanding account of this "backward," yet happy, people, who live

(Concluded on page 130)



A Women's Meeting in Oxford

Lady Brunner, wife of Sir Felix Brunner, Bt., and Lady Tweedsmuir were at the half-yearly meeting of the Oxfordshire Federation of Women's Institutes at Rhodes House, Oxford, at which Lady Tweedsmuir gave the presidential address. She is the author of "Canada" in the British Commonwealth in Pictures series, which is being published by William Collins



A Recruit for the W.A.A.F.

Sandra Moiseiwitsch, younger daughter of Benno Moiseiwitsch, the pianist, has just joined the W.A.A.F., and was photographed signing on in London. Her father gave a recital two weeks ago at the Cambridge Theatre, and among his current engagements are four "Proms," two past (July 14th and July 22nd) and two to come—a Beethoven concert on August 1st, and the Anglo-American concert on August 5th



Señor Don Manuel Bianchi

The New Ambassador From Chile

*Señor Don Manuel Bianchi and
Members of His Embassy Staff*

The new Chilean Ambassador in London travelled to England by air, coming from New York to Lisbon by Clipper. Until recently he held the post of Foreign Minister, and gave this up to take over what Chile regards as the major position in her Diplomatic Service. He entered the Service in 1911, his first appointment being to Berlin in 1922, as First Secretary, later to become *Chargé d'Affaires*. Señor Don Bianchi, who studied at the Pedagogic Institute and the Law School of the University of Chile, is an accomplished linguist, speaks six languages. He is married and has two children, a married daughter, and a son in the Diplomatic Service who works at the Foreign Office in Santiago. Señora Bianchi has not accompanied her husband to Europe, and is at their home in Chile. The Ambassador is staying at Thankerton House, Sunningdale



This photograph was taken at the Chilean Embassy soon after the arrival of the new Ambassador to Britain. In the group are: Señor Don Alfonso Somavia, First Secretary; Señor Don Víctor Riosco, Second Secretary; Señor Don Leon Subercaseaux, Counsellor of Embassy; His Excellency Señor Don Manuel Bianchi, the Ambassador; Señor Don Higinio Gonzalez, Commercial Counsellor; and Flight Captain Señor Don Renato Garcia, Air Attaché

With Silent Friends

(Continued)

amid so much beauty, who enjoy so much true peace and are so well contented.

An Ideal Guide

WELL, I have never been to India—more than likely, I shall never go—but if I went I should read and read again Pamela Hinkson's delightful book, *Indian Harvest* (Collins; 16s.). I might even go so far as to declare that, as I am never likely to visit India, my disappointment is not nearly so acute now that I have read her book. I feel as if I had already been there, and the experience has been enchanting.

For instance, it would be extremely improbable that anyone would ever have invited me to visit Government House. I should just have gaped at its windows and wondered vaguely what kind of life went on behind that magnificent façade. Now I know—know better than if I had merely been lucky enough to attend some reception or other social function. Miss Hinkson lets me in behind the scenes and so amazingly interesting, and, I may add, entertaining, is her account that I feel I could now chatter about it all and hold my own with the most fervent gossip into the bargain.

Nevertheless, the book moves about here and there, so to speak, and never ceases to be interesting. The chapters describing the life and problems of the North-West Frontier are full of valuable information. Perhaps Miss Hinkson was lucky in the fact that her introductions to India were of the best, but we are lucky, too, because she has seized her opportunities with both literary hands. She knows how to ask the right kind of questions and equally she knows how to interpret the answers by what she observes for herself. Best of all, she has the gift of understanding—without which the modern problems of India can only seem a mixture of prejudice and passion.

And when she is out by herself, so to speak, she can paint the most vivid, most lovely pictures. The plains, the hills and valleys, the colouring, the exquisite scents, the misty dawns and rich sunsets are described so well that we really do enjoy their charm or splendour. Moreover, her approach to everything she sees is her own. This makes her book such an enchanting company. She is individual in the most modest, yet delightful way. As a rule, I am not very fond of books written about India. The subject has been tackled too often. Here, at least, is one beautiful exception. I enjoyed every page of it, and want to read it all over again.

Three Loves

THREE CUPS OF COFFEE" (Andrew Dakers; 8s. 6d.), by Ruth Feiner, is about three women who each loved the same man; suffered but, happily for them, managed to escape in time. The man, Robert Holmes, proprietor of a successful patent medicine, apparently only had to gaze at any woman for her to

"fall" at once. Which was rather embarrassing for Enid, his wife; especially as she had been trying to reform him for the last twenty years and had not succeeded yet. At the end she divorced him, married an Italian doctor and went to live in Italy. It was the wisest thing she ever did.

Nevertheless, it was rather hard on Nina to be the co-respondent in this divorce. Nina's relations with Robert, we are assured, were platonic rather than passionate. She even pitied him. He seemed to her so lonely, so frustrated. But to go into a man's bedroom in an hotel in order to read the Bible to him is not likely to be a kind of Cupid's alibi in the eyes of the law, still less in the eyes of a wife. Nevertheless, Robert feels terribly hurt when Enid takes matters into her own hands. Indeed, he is so full of self-pity that even Nina is deceived by him no more.

Oh, but I forgot Angela Seaton-Hall, wife of a famous K.C., who is prepared to accept her own lovers while grudging her husband his own romantic diversions. Some wives are like that. She, too, loved Robert, yet Robert did not seem worth much in either the capacity of husband or lover. Maybe, he is just the kind of type for whom women fall, but, if so, there is a lot of necessary wisdom to be learned from a hard "bump" where so-called love is concerned.

Evacuees in Fiction

ONCE stayed in a house inhabited by a large family, mostly young males, where

the noise was so deafening that had I not had a bedroom to myself I should almost have envied the deaf. In any case, there is this to be said of deafness—you do miss a lot of twaddle one way or another; whereas blindness has not even one left-handed compensation. Each member of the family was what is known as "full of life"; while, as a consequence, a perpetual criss-cross conversation was carried on, where those speaking on the "cross" had to make themselves heard above those speaking on the "criss"—if you know what I mean. At other times those on the ground floor carried on bright converse with those on the first floor, since, apparently, those who had something to say couldn't possibly wait until both were on the same level.

And yet, although it was necessary for the mind's good to get away from it all on occasion, the babble was so good-natured and lively that the atmosphere thus created was really extremely home-like. I missed it when I went away. Yet I seemed to recapture some of it while I was reading Mr. D. G. Waring's entertaining novel, *Against My Fire* (Long; 8s. 6d.). The home he creates is in Northern Ireland, and although the family is noisy, it is always amusing; lending a most readable story a charm which is very endearing. Moreover, the characters are very much alive and Mr. Waring knows well how to keep them vital. Maybe, he made himself a present when he began to people his amusing tale with evacuees.

Until you have had them a week you never know what your evacuees are going to turn into. These turned into a most entertaining company. Only two were unpleasant, and they went "the whole hog." Both were Jonahs. Where they went bombs seemed to follow them. Which annoyed them thoroughly because actually they were playing the enemy's game, being Fifth Columnists writ in capital letters. It must indeed be annoying to help the enemy and then be chased about all over the place by ammunition surely not meant for you!

War Through a Child's Eyes

SO many writers have described their war experiences—grown-up people, that is—that there is more than common interest in this diary of a boy refugee written by Derk van der Heide, a Dutch boy of twelve, entitled *My Sister and I* (Faber and Faber; 3s. 6d.). It may be that the translation gives it rather an adult air not to be found in the original writing, but nevertheless the spirit and the outlook remain authentically juvenile, and this gives the document a special interest. It describes the onslaught of the Germans on Rotterdam as it affected a boy and his sister and, though the horror of it all hangs over the experience, it hangs lightly. Which is further strange evidence of that strange fact—how comparatively calmly children and old people are enduring the beastliness of modern warfare; playing, while the bombers are overhead, or not caring very much.

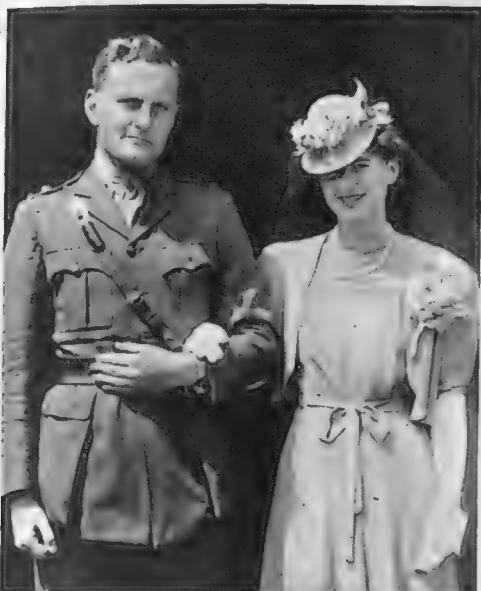


Art Show in the Country

Hervey Adams, R.B.A., and his wife, Iris Adams, have recently held an exhibition of his oils and watercolours and her paintings on silk at Southernhay, Under-river, their home in Kent. The two-day show, for which they were preparing here, was in aid of the local Church Restoration and Home Guard funds. One of the exhibits was Mr. Adams' "Spring Evening" (at the top, above), recently on view in the R.B.A. show in Suffolk Street. Mr. Adams, who is art master at Tonbridge School, has a painting, "Lilies," on the line in this year's Academy

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements



Henry—Blackwell

Lieut. Sir James Henry, Bt., London Irish Rifles, and Susan Blackwell, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur G. Blackwell, of Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, now at Westmorland House, Beaconsfield, Bucks., were married at the Roman Catholic Church, Beaconsfield. The bridegroom succeeded his father, formerly Lord Chief Justice of Northern Ireland, as second baronet in 1925



Evans—Crossman

Flight-Lieut. Paul Michael John Evans, younger son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Frank Evans, and Janet Ursula Crossman, youngest daughter of the late Percy Crossman, of Great Bromley Hall, Colchester, and Mrs. Crossman, of Hook Norton Manor, Banbury, Oxon, were married at St. Peter's, Hook Norton



Phizackerley—Rodwell

Major Peter N. Phizackerley and Dorothea Rodwell, younger daughter of Sir Cecil and Lady Rodwell, of Woodlands, Holbrook, Ipswich, were married at All Saints', Holbrook. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Phizackerley, of Elm Park Court, Pinner, Middlesex. Sir Cecil Rodwell was formerly Governor and C-in-C. of British Guiana, and of Southern Rhodesia



Vandyk

Helen Williams Wynn

Left: Margaret Helen Williams Wynn, eldest daughter of Captain and Mrs. Watkin Williams Wynn, of Hawford Lodge, Worcester, is being married to-day to Capt. Hubert Charles Paulet Hamilton, Royal Irish Fusiliers, only son of H. C. Hamilton, K.C., and Mrs. Hamilton, of Moyne, Durrow, Queen's Co.

Right: Lieut. David Crichton, Derbyshire Yeomanry, is the eldest son of Colonel the Hon. Sir George Crichton and Lady Mary Crichton, of Queen's Acre, Windsor, and a second cousin of the Earl of Erne. His father was Comptroller of the Lord Chamberlain's Department for eleven years. Joan Fenella Cleaver is the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Douglas Cleaver, of Tormarton, Badminton, Glos. They announced their engagement in June



Fayer

Dorothy Bell

Left: Dorothy Bell, younger daughter of the late Sir John W. A. Bell, and Lady Bell, of Coombe Edge, Windlesham, Surrey, is engaged to Essex Hughes-Hughes, elder son of the late Montague Hughes-Hughes, and Mrs. Hughes-Hughes, of Crichton House, Bognor Regis, Sussex

(Concluded on page 134)



Joan Fenella Cleaver and David Crichton

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Syria—A Sportsman's Paradise

I HAD a charming set of officers in the *Rapid* and was on the best of terms with them. . . . They were all without exception uncommon bad shots and it was rather irritating to see them blazing away all day at snipe and woodcock, or even at pigs quite close to them, and never hitting anything."

That is an extract from the private "log" of 1878-79 of Admiral C. C. Penrose Fitzgerald as set forth in that interesting book *From Sail to Steam*, which was published in the middle of the last war. The whole coast was, according to the Admiral, a sportsman's paradise, for in addition to the game just mentioned they also got the francolin, which is a beautiful bird rather larger than a partridge, and is, I should think, identical with the black partridge in the Deccan (India). They also got duck and an occasional wild goose and in Lebanon bear. So now that our ships have finished their present bit of shooting and our troops have liquidated the opposition on shore, there is a big chance for something pleasant in the way of relaxation.

I am interested to read this in the Admiral's log: "The wild pigs were excellent eating; not a bit like pork, but more like venison—fat and juicy." The gallant officer added the rider that this applied to the younger ones and not to the old boars, who I dare say would not have been any tenderer than their brethren of the Kadir or any other part of Hindustan, where they are slain by a different method than the rifle necessary in Syria, where, so I gather, you cannot ride them and spear them, the country being entirely unsuited to that method of pursuit.

Eton and Harrow

ETON won, but Harrow had to bat on a wicket which was not improved by the two hours' "interruption" from a cause

which we are not allowed to mention. The diligent recorder of the events of the hour has said that it was "much quieter." This is nothing new, for this entertainment, seasoned to taste, as usual, with some excellent cricket, has been much more staid for years past than it used to be in the old ruffianly days, and it became so long before Hitler was even heard of.

Gone for ever, so I fear, are the joyous times when Pieface Minor (Eton) spun a coin with Batears Major (Harrow) as to who should have first bash at the other's hat; gone also, alas! is the female relative, who always clapped at the wrong moment—such a moment, for instance, as when she said that it was "So clever of Eton to make those Harrow boys run so fast between those two lots of sticks." The modern female relative knows all about cricket, even down to the correct slang. She could probably give "Plum" a few wrinkles.

Gone, or almost so, are those fathers who used to chip in and let themselves rip for one delirious hour of Berserk abandon, and even used to assist in the de-bagging of someone who preferred a cornflower to a pink carnation. Gone also maybe that last warrior with only one trouser-leg at all sound, no collar, and someone else's hat. Gone also, I fear, that crusty critic in the sixpennies, whose family had oiled Eton bats time out of mind, and who would never allow that any of the exponents of to-day could bat, bowl or field "like wot they had used to do when I first 'ad to do with 'em."

However, changed as may be the times and more civilised as may be the performers, Eton and Harrow will always be Eton and Harrow, for nothing can ever destroy that great atmosphere which, after all, is the main thing that counts. Topper-bashing is a mere incidental, and anyway, it is nowadays far too expensive an amusement. I also do



Sportsmen in Uniform

Captain R. St. A. Malleson has a drink with Major Lord Tennyson, the famous cricketer, who still manages to get a game on his days off, and generally knocks up a regular 50 or 60 runs. Captain Malleson, who is a keen horseman, often rides to the R.N.A.S. which he commands

not know how many coupons you need for a pair of trousers.

The Leger in September

A FIRST acceptance of thirty-seven out of an entry of eighty-one is a very excellent figure considering the peculiar conditions under which racing is carried on, and though the continuance of this form of sport has many opponents who can, and have, made out a very good case against it, the main point to be kept in view has been missed by some who have let their personal aversion from the Turf and all its ways blind their eyes. We cannot afford to kill so remunerative an industry, in which after the war the British Empire and the Americas will hold an absolute monopoly. What chance has the progeny of any of the stolen bloodstock in France or in Germany of being admitted to the Stud Book? And of what value can it be to any would-be purchaser if it is not? Who is going to take the word of any Italian breeder after the war?

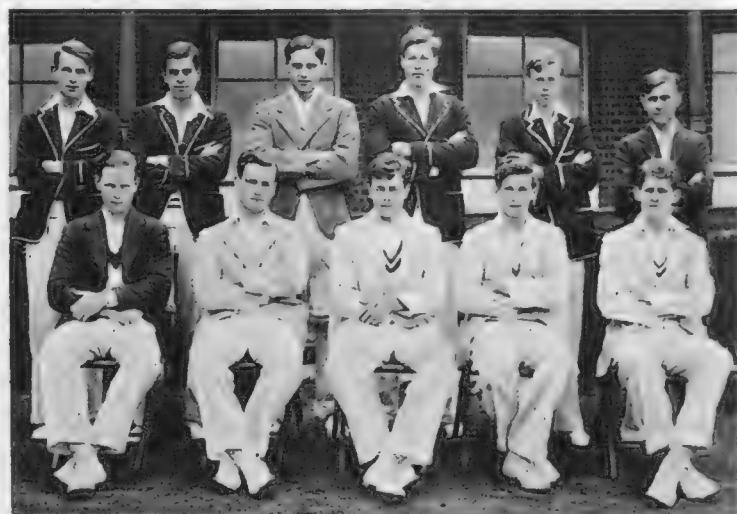
What is the short answer to all this? The Home Secretary has candidly admitted that he has never been on a racecourse in his life, and yet he has grasped the main facts. Racing purely for pleasure in wartime



The Winchester XI.

D. R. Stuart

For the first time since Jardine captained Winchester in 1919 Winchester beat Eton when the match was played at Eton last month. The victorious XI., who also beat Wellington, are: (standing) D. Abbott, E. B. Trubshaw, P. V. Gadban, O. C. R. Weatherby, J. R. Tillard, G. H. G. Daggart, A. d'A. Horn; (sitting) R. N. Eddy, P. A. Whitcombe, D. A. A. Gray (captain), R. A. Chambers, P. G. D. Aislewood



The Charterhouse XI.

D. R. Stuart

The match between Harrow and Charterhouse, played at Harrow, ended in a draw. This season Charterhouse have beaten Wellington, drawn with Winchester, and lost to Eton. Charterhouse XI. are: (standing) K. J. I. Harding, P. White, C. Crook, R. W. Sword, B. R. J. Walker, E. W. Lomas; (sitting) M. W. Nisbitt, W. H. Griffiths, F. Anthony Peet (captain), A. S. Lovett, D. G. Podmore



Racing at Newbury: the One Day Summer Meeting

Mrs. Richard Agnew and Captain Cumming were two of those who watched Lord Portal's horse Long-riggan win the Newbury Summer Cup

Mrs. Phillip Dunne, Lady Dorothea Head, Lady Weymouth and Flying Officer Jackson, D.F.C., were also at Newbury for the one day meeting

we have got to recognise is not easily defensible, and it is also true that there are, and that there have been, time out of mind, many people "on the Turf" who, if they got what they deserve, ought to be well underneath it; but that is not the point at issue at this moment.

As to the Leger, to be run on the 6th of next month at Manchester, my own big regret is that neither the gallant grey pony Morogoro, Mr. Jack Dewar's good colt, nor Commotion, the Oaks winner, is engaged. I thought Commotion's win very stylish, as, of course, it was, considering that she was 2½ lengths in front of the index three-year-old filly of the year, Dancing Time. Commotion won comfortably, and I should rate her to be the big end of ten pounds better than Dancing Time.

Lambert Simmel, who was going a bit proppy on Derby Day, may show us a very different performance; but I suppose Newmarket will tell us to back Sun Castle!

Nomenclature

HELLIZAPOPPIN is the latest achievement, and it may make some people think of another famous effort, Hereigowithmy-eyeout, the name given to a well-known filly many long years ago. Kinky-headed Honey was another pleasing inspiration and The Hushiari Pisoo another. People never seem to think of the unfortunate bookmaker when they name their steeds in this excruciating manner.

An Intriguing Document

THE subjoined communication has been placed at my disposal by a friend who was the "target," and I produce it in the hope that it may add a tittle to the gaiety of nations—a thing which, at the moment, is conspicuous only by reason of its absence. It is from an hôtelier to one of his guests:

SIR,—I write to you while my anger is fizzle hot. What you think my Hotel to be! A dance salon—a place to make big noises? But I will teach you other things. I speak not of my night disturbance alone but of the many Holy Pastors here gathered. You come to my Hotel a nice innocent like young man and so deceptively you look all the days—but at night come what? A Jackass in lamb's clothing I think, stamping big dance feet on my new dance floor. Howling songs. Guiding to the bottle my good compatriots, and Herr Lawson so distinguished like and innocent. Here for him is all sorrow in such companionship and Herr Valentine who already again after you leave is Saint like as was.

I speak not of icicle fights on noisy, Stair Heads. But I say, Sir, Here at Dr. Holm's Hofjeldshotel, Geilo, you will not again be Rambustious. I point your face to my chucker

out and say let it not enter again, but chuck at once.

"My Dear Watson"

THE sympathy of the tender-hearted has always been with that almost oafish medical gentleman upon whom the late Mr. Sherlock Holmes was wont to sharpen his wit, but, speaking for myself, I had never fully realised how "my dear Watson" must have felt until I had the luck, and incidentally the great honour, if I may say so, of sitting

beside the reincarnation of the marvelous detective when forming an insignificant globule of the audience at the hearing of a recent action for libel. I could not help feeling how lucky I was for never having had anything to do with fire-raising.

The fact that Sherlock Holmes Secundus has a most charming personality made it all the worse. There was the feeling that behind the smile there lurked the tiger. To me it has been a great adventure, and I found myself very near to wishing that I had perpetrated some peculiarly murky crime in order that I might see the bloodhound in action. This idea still attracts me, as I feel that it would attract anyone who might find himself in a similar proximity to camouflaged force. It must be analogous to the feeling of a galloping Leicestershire fox, who knows that he has the legs of the Quorn dog-pack on a bad scenting day, and thinks that he has a lot more brains than the huntsman!



Notes from Newbury, by "The Tout"

With Dancing Time's One Thousand Guineas success this season Lord Glanely has now won every classic. Dancing Time finished third in the Oaks last month. George Bridgland, formerly a front rank jockey in France, rode his first winner in England at Stockton last May. "Atty" Perse trains for Jack Olding whose name is familiar in connection with Agricultural Engineering. Mr. Olding, who brought off a 5 to 1 shot at Newbury with Tullybrack in the Hurricane Handicap, has already won several races for the famous Stockbridge stable. "Whatcombe" is Dick Dawson, famous as Lord Carnarvon's trainer for many years, and "Bend Or" is the Duke of Westminster, owner of Lambert Simmel who won the Guineas but was afterwards beaten by Owen Tudor in the new Derby. Mr. E. Robson is one of Manton's patrons. So far his handsome colt Sun Ray, has not lived up to his good looks. Lieut. Gerald Williams saw his brother Mr. F. T. Williams' colt, Fairy Prince, beat Bastille and Morogoro at Newbury. Mr. F. T. Williams is a prisoner of war in Germany. They are the sons of Lady Rendlesham

Getting Married (Continued)



Axon.—Temperley

Flight-Lieut. Peter E. Axon, M.B.E., M.Sc., R.A.F.V.R., only son of Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Axon, of Teignmouth, and Yvonne Pamela Temperley, younger daughter of the late C. J. Temperley, of Newcastle, and Mrs. E. G. Temperley, of 48, Eaton Terrace, S.W.1, were married at St. Michael's, Chester Square



Lenore

Mrs. Jean Angela Wardlaw

Mrs. Jean Angela Wardlaw, of Folkestone, and Park West, W.2, widow of the late F.O. David Wardlaw, and granddaughter and ward of the late Countess Ann Hamilton Linden, will be married next month to Lieut. Frank C. Copeman, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Copeman, of Shenfield, Essex



Davies—Dunbar

John Edward Hamilton Davies, of Glamorgan, and Leslie Gilmour Dunbar were married at St. Mary's, Oatlands, Weybridge. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Dunbar, of Weybridge. Her father, director of Vickers-Armstrongs' Aviation Interests, has been appointed Dir.-Gen. of Materials Production by the Minister of Aircraft Production



Bassano

Mme. Georges Bergé

Hélène Legrand, eldest daughter of the late Lieutenant de Vaisseau F. Legrand, and Lady Tiphaine Lucas, of Baybridge, Owlesbury, Hants., was married in June to Capitaine Georges Bergé, Free French Forces



Burt—Crowther

Second-Lieutenant Eric Burt and Sylvia Joyce Crowther were married quietly at Brompton Parish Church. She is the daughter of the late D. Stoner Crowther, and Mrs. Crowther, of Albourne Place, Hassocks, Sussex



Sheilagh Hogge

Sheilagh Margaret Hogge, daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. A. H. F. Hogge, and Mrs. Hogge, at Bishop Cotton School, Simla, India, has announced her engagement to Baring Martin Kavanagh, Duke of Wellington's Regt., son of Major H. R. Kavanagh and Mrs. Kavanagh



Ind—Browne

Harold Ind, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Ind, of Farr Bay House, Betty Hill, Sutherland, and Phyllis Browne, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Browne, of Rosslyn, Bray, Co. Wicklow, were married at Christ Church, Bray. The bridegroom works for the Forestry Commission



Griffiths—Gardiner

Captain David Griffiths, R.E., son of Colonel and Mrs. L. Griffiths, of 2, Haines, Hill Terrace, Taunton, and Naomi Gardiner, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Gardiner, of Swallowfields, Pirbright, Surrey, were married at St. Michael and All Angels', Pirbright



Tipping—Walsh

Sq.-Leader Patrick Alexander Tipping, R.A.F., and Elizabeth Ayliffe Walsh were married at St. Peter-in-the-East, Oxford. He is the son of the late Charles Tipping, and Mrs. Tipping, of Hawkes Bay, N.Z. She is the daughter of the late Andrew Walsh, and Mrs. Walsh, of Hothfield Lodge, Boars Hill, Oxford



ALWAYS TOGETHER

"Black & White" and complete enjoyment always go together. This grand old blend has a flavour and character that place it on the pinnacle of popularity everywhere.



"BLACK & WHITE"

"It's the Scotch!"

Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Russia Speaks

CONNOISSEURS of the Commune, and those enthusiastic red-flag waggars who used to be so vocal, mislead us about one thing. They would have had us believe that Russia was a country of unrelieved gloom, where Marxism had run amuck and brutish boredom reigned.

Yet, soon after the German aggression against Russia began, we learned that, unlike the British, the Russian information service could be funny without being feeble. The introduction into the reports of the battles in the air and on the ground of comic stories and sarcastic witticisms was altogether new and effective.

We must thank Soviet Russia for showing us and, indeed, the whole world the right way to wage the war of words. It is extraordinary that Britain, a country supposedly noted for its humour, should have been reminded by Soviet Russia, a country supposedly sad, how to cast the javelins of jest.

That early effort, in which Moscow counter-attacked successfully against Dr. Goebbels will be a classic to be quoted in the schools for the puling little propagandists of the future. You will recall that, in replying to the inflated German claims which had said that the Germans had practically seized Russia in the first week, the Moscow spokesman likened the Germans to the hunter who cries out: "I have caught a bear; but he will not let me go."

Imitate

I DO not know if that is a traditional joke or if it was devised for the occasion; but it summed-up with scientific accuracy the military and aviation positions as they then were, and did so with a spice of humour, achieving a world record in terse comment. Since then, there have been other examples

of the way the Russians can turn humour to their purpose.

It occurred to me that it might have been better if, at the time of the air battle over Britain last year, when neutral States were wondering whether the Air Ministry figures for the losses of both sides were right, or whether the German figures were right, we had put out a few sarcastic comments on the German figures in the Russian manner. They might have done more than our long and laboured justifications.

At any rate, the German claims of what they did to the Soviet Air Force during the first fortnight were disproved by events in the third week of the campaign, because the Soviet Air Force was then striking harder than before, and was doing great work in close co-operation with the Soviet armies in the field.

In fact, the Soviet Air Force seemed to me to be efficient in action far beyond what anybody in this country had hoped, and, what is even more important, that it was being directed with genuine military skill and inventiveness.

A high official one day was heard commiserating that the Russians would probably not be able to undertake long-range strategical bombing because they had not spent the time and money we have spent in training for it. He seemed completely to ignore the strategy of the situation, which dictated close support and the suspension of long-range strategical bombing in its favour.

Extending Knowledge

WHEN I was making a study of bomb effects by relating tonnage, number of bombs, and average accuracy to the area of various kinds of target, I came unexpectedly upon a great and vital truth—the explanation (nothing less) for the design of drinking bar as employed in this country in

clubs, pubs, and the houses of the very great.

It had been a mystery to me why people should gather together and stand at a counter or bar in order to drink. The natural position would seem to be seated or possibly prone. Yet here are all these bars, arising, it is to be presumed, from the accumulated traditions of generations of Noble and Illustrious Drinkers, and in them the customers remain standing or—at best—perched on high stools.

And here, in the problem of bombing, is the explanation. It has to do with density; density of drinking and density of conversation. For the highest possible intensity of drinking in the smallest possible space, you must arrange your drinkers standing. Seat your drinkers, and each individual occupies more space: the drinkers are then *dispersed*, and therefore less readily attained by the sticks of glasses discharged from the bar.

Cafés Are Best

I STILL think, however, that a bar is not a good place in which to spend an afternoon when on leave, or a good place in which to find rest and interest. For that, wider companionship and the presence of strangers are needed. There must be that collision and collocation of people of all shapes, sizes and callings which is attained at the café table. There must be ease and comfort and human contact, as well as drink.

Something must be done to provide the troops with reasonable rest and entertainment. I would not go so far as a friend of mine who is seized with the ambition to help in the entertainment of the troops by establishing a coast-to-coast chain of well-built, tastefully decorated, suitably sited and efficiently run disorderly houses; but I feel that I understand the lofty and disinterested sentiments underlying his idea.

Nothing is more depressing than to see members of the Royal Air Force and the other services wandering about without any alternative to nursery entertainment. When we rebuild London, let us, if we can, make it a city to live in as well as to work in. Let us adopt the café idea modified to suit our climate if necessary, and let us get away from the prison walls idea which seems to dominate the present conception of London,



Distinguished Airmen at a Wedding

Guests at the wedding of Mr. John Hamilton-Davies to Miss Leslie Dunbar at Weybridge (see page 134) were Monsieur Henri Jullerot, the first man to fly to India; Mr. Maurice Summers, who recently broke the trans-Atlantic ferry time record in a bomber; and Group Captain Webster, a former Schneider Cup winner



Family Trio at a Christening

The baby son of Group Captain and Mrs. E. R. Pearce, of Hill House, Harefield, Middx., was given the names of Roger Swayne at his christening on July 5th. He is seen with his father and mother outside the Parish Church at Harefield, where the ceremony took place

Can we ever repay them?..

yes, here and now!



HERE is a grand chance to show some practical appreciation for those fine fellows who last year won the Battle of Britain, who since have been in the vanguard of the fight on every front and on whose courage and skill our safety now in these islands depends at every hour of the day and night. **The Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund appeals to you for help to carry on its varied and ever-increasing charitable work among Royal Air Force personnel.**

The Fund helps those disabled on active service. It cares for the widows of men killed in action, and educates their children. It must be ready to re-establish men in civil life after the war and to help those

younger members of the R.A.F. whose business or professional training has been cut short. The calls upon this Fund are, therefore, great and, owing to the rapid expansion of the Force, ever-increasing. Funds are urgently needed.

Please help those men and women of the Royal Air Force who have the misfortune to suffer disablement or distress as a result of their service to our country. Cheques (made payable to "The Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund") should be sent to Lord Riverdale or to the Hon. Sec., Mr. Bertram T. Rumble, Address: 1, Sloane Street, London, S.W.1.

An appeal on behalf of The Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund by the Nuffield Organization.

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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

by M. E. BROOKE



The Grubert process for the rejuvenation of furs is unrivalled. It must be remembered that it can be carried out at the stores, or Grubert, of Berners Street, will send illustrations and details. A transformation has taken place in the coat above; it has been remodelled and the skins restranded, the poor parts discarded. Then, everyone will be delighted at the news that up to the present no coupons are needed for this work. Mink, ocelot-dyed squirrel and other coats whose shape dates them, it might almost be said, to Victorian days, can be metamorphosed in such a manner that no one would believe that their birthday was not in 1941.

All that is best regarding outfits for men and women in the Services is to be obtained from Burberrys in the Haymarket. It seems almost unnecessary to say that they are correct in every detail. The tailoring and cut are perfect, and the materials the best that can be obtained. The suit on the right has been built for those who are not privileged to wear uniform, who, nevertheless, wish to be well dressed. It is carried out in pale grey flannel piped with blue. The pockets are practical and so is the neat collar which is adjustable. Here are to be seen a large assortment of cardigans, pullovers and twin sets, as well as wrappers of all kinds, many bearing a resemblance to the modern house frock



Hair Bubbles and Crescent Partings

It was Vasco, 16, Dover Street, who was responsible for the presentation of the Hair Bubble. As will be seen from the illustration, he has modified this idea and introduced the "Crescent Parting." It is a style which after the first dressing can be arranged at home. It does not easily get out of order, which is an immense advantage. The short tresses are, in the first instance, submitted to a permanent waving in which a modification of semi-hair bubbles is represented. A strong point in favour of this Parting is that it can be arranged to suit any type of face.





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Bubble and Squeak

Stories From Everywhere

"Now, children," said the teacher, after a nature lesson, "I have told you how the little baby birds learn to fly. Now I am going to play the piano to you and I want you all to imitate the birds' movements in time to the music."

As the playing proceeded, all the children waved their arms energetically, with one exception.

"Come along, Billy," said the teacher, coaxingly, "why did you not imitate the little newly hatched birds as the others are doing?"

"Please, miss," replied the young hopeful, "I'm a bad egg!"

AN Australian who was determined to be first in the alphabetical roll call gave his name on enlistment as Arthur A. A. Adams. He was beaten in the running by recruits named Aarons, Abbel, Abercrombie, Abrahams, Acheson and Ackerman. All of these, however, were "also rans" to a man with the simple name of Aa. He was a Solomon Islander who joined up at Brisbane and had served in France in the First Great War.

"HALLO, dear! What brought you home so early?"

"It's the blackout, my dear. I lost my bearings and couldn't find the club."

MRS. JONES went out shopping. When she returned she saw that the post office engineers had arrived with their van outside her house. There they were, to her disgust, with a pole and a hole in the ground. Whereupon she proceeded to tell them all about it.

How dared they put up a pole right in front of her house. The garden would be spoiled and the property would lessen in value as a result. She was going to write to the postmaster-general, as well as a few other important people, and complain.

The foreman let her have her head for about five minutes. Then he had his turn.

"I'm very sorry, madam," he said very politely, "but we're not putting the pole up. We are taking it away. It's been standing in front of your house for two years!"

THEY were both very keen gardeners and enthusiastic "Dig for Victory" disciples. They always read the gardening notes in the newspapers.

"Just listen to this!" cried the husband at breakfast one day, "there's a new invention for the garden—a scarecrow that walks about and waves its arms by machinery."

"Oh, John, we must have one of those!" exclaimed the wife. "Then we'll be able to tell the difference between the scarecrow and the jobbing gardener without going to see."

"It appears to me that this man is abnormally lazy," said the officer. "What is your opinion, sergeant-major?"

"Well, I wouldn't like to do him an injustice, sir," replied the S.-M., "but if it required any voluntary work on his part to digest his food he would die from lack of nourishment."

TWO sweet young things were chatting as they removed their make-up after the show.

"Dick proposed last night," remarked one, "and I've accepted him."

"Really?" replied the second, acidly. "I suppose he didn't happen to mention that he had previously proposed to me?"

"Well, not exactly," replied the first, blandly, "but he did confess that he'd done a lot of silly things before he met me."

THE liner had called at a remote South Sea island, and natives paddled out in canoes to meet the visitors. At the head of the reception committee came the ruling monarch, a huge man with a battered topper on his head. He was accompanied by his staff, all of his wives and children and his prime minister, a Cockney who had been stranded there years before and had been adopted by the tribe.

The king and his party were welcomed aboard ship. The subjects remained alongside, begging passengers to throw pennies down to them. Whenever a coin struck the water, half a dozen islanders at once dived for it.

When one of the visitors began to throw small silver coins, the excitement became intense, and in the hope of moving them to an even more spirited performance the man fished in his pockets until he found a five-shilling piece. He was in the act of throwing it over when the prime minister caught his arm.

"Please," he begged, "don't do that. You'll be 'aving 'Is 'Royal 'Ighness overboard next!"



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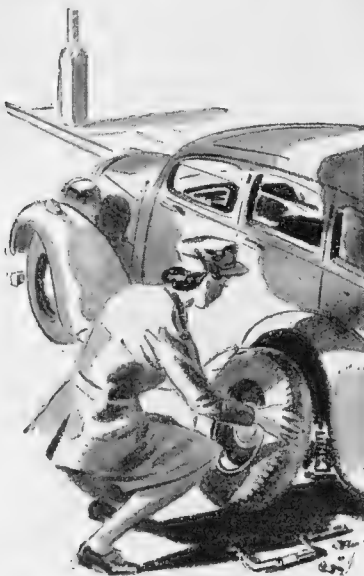
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Women's Golf

By Eleanor E. Helme

How many golfers noticed a couple of paragraphs in the daily papers the other day which at normal times would have sent them sky high? Sunday golf at St. Andrews—limitation of the drive in U.S.A. Well, well!

Very little was said about that first breaking of the Sabbath calm, except that no caddies were taken out at the extra rate payable for Sunday labour, and that a few Service members were the only players. Does that wicked man of Berchtesgaden realise what he has done? In order that our men and women may have the more power to beat him, a tradition which centuries have held inviolate has been broken almost without comment, the dictum set aside with which Andra Kirkcaldy (wasn't it?) rebuked the greedy visitor: "Mon, if ye dinna need a rest, the course does." If Hitler but knew, that is a conquest as big as any in Europe.

No doubt the authorities are wise, and even the old course, scarred with a million divots, has less cause to cry out in days when the taking thereof has been reduced out of all recognition by the calls of war on its members and visitors. Yet, such things as the weekly calm where all is otherwise effort, cannot be allowed to pass without some regret. Not less solemn than the preceding struggles of the week were the post-mortems held on the Sabbath, the leisurely dander over the battlefield, in which the cold eye of the critic could replace the fevered glance of the warrior and judge first why the wrong line, the wrong club, was taken at the High Hole, or why that putt at the Road sidled back into perdition instead of carrying the match on, up beside Rusacks and Tom Morris's shop, to the eighteenth with its inevitable circle of watchers.

WHERE else has the like happened? Farther north still, at Lossiemouth, will Sunday strollers to the lighthouse now be disturbed by frantic cries of "Forre!" instead of being for once masters and mistresses of their fate? What will the rank and fashion of North Berwick do without one day whereon they can reach those golden sands without imperilling their lives?

And coming right down to England, what prevails now at Westward Ho!? There custom used to ordain that the flags should be taken from the holes, and no caddies were to be employed, but any one who could trust sufficiently to their sense of direction to play without the aid of either were welcome.

A sunny Sunday in 1916 comes back to memory. It must have been early June, for in the morning tribute to the passing of Kitchener had been paid at the old grey church. In the afternoon, since embarkation leave was short then as now, a round must be played, flags or no flags. Perhaps the sight of khaki was a lure, for England was not so stiff with troops then as now, but at all events unofficial caddies attached themselves and saw no wrong line was taken, no ball lost in the rushes, no putt missed that a kindly hint of advice might direct aright. If the golf were not much of which to boast, the recollection of the round stayed when others had faded, to be recalled in letters written from the glaring slopes of Vimy, the dust of Salonica, the sands of Palestine, and as eagerly replied to after days of grappling with sad and sordid problems in Lambeth.

That is the use of golf, surely, in any war; not only immediate refreshment of mind and body for all workers, but something good to think of when all such escape is impossible and nothing remains except the will to hold on.

Why yes; of course, St. Andrews is right, now. After the war, who knows?

As for that limitation of the powers of the golf ball that America so surprisingly is discussing, the wisdom of some such legislation is patent. The walking powers of golfers are not boundless, even more decidedly the amount of post-war money which clubs will have to spend on vast acreage of fairways must have a strict limit: sheer necessity will produce what all the academic arguments have failed to achieve—the course of less than six thousand yards which is an impeccable test of championship golf, and enjoyable to the lesser fry. For the lesser fry provide the main bulk of a club's subscription; kill their enthusiasm, and the whales will have no waters in which to swim.

Let America evolve the right ball or club or whatever is the reasonable solution, and we shall only be thankful to our good friends.

Tatler and Bystander Monthly Golf Competition

In accordance with the present wartime arrangement by which spoons are awarded when sufficient cards are received, the following are awarded for June:—

SILVER DIVISION (18 and under)—Insufficient cards.

BRONZE DIVISION (19 to 36)—Two spoons: Mrs. A. E. Fisher (West End, Halifax Ltd.), 89-25-64=7 below scratch score; Miss P. Heller (Barwon Heads, Victoria, Aus.), 89-21-68=6 below scratch score, wins tie from Miss A. M. Clarke (Sale).

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER during the current month must accompany any entry for THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card and certify the scratch score of the course. Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.

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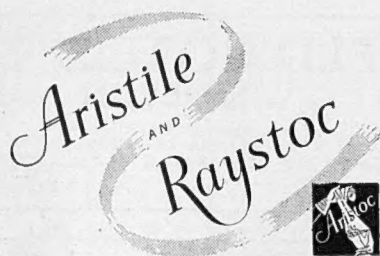
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